

THE CREEPY COMIC WITH SPINE-CHILLING STORIES!

No.4 Every Monday 14th April 1984

22p

SCREAM!

TALES FROM THE GRAVE

The final resting place
awaits...but whose body
was in that coffin?



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FROM THE DEPTHS...

Four issues old already! Down in the depths I've never been so busy. I think I've aged 20 years in the last few weeks... but that doesn't matter much when you consider I'm four hundred... (or is it five hundred?)... years old. You mere mortals couldn't comprehend some of the shocking sights I've seen in that time - but you'll be seeing some sights yourselves when you read this week's set of spooky stories! This fright-filled issue contains eight tales, which makes SCREAM the creepiest comic ever! If you aren't too scared, steel your nerves and turn the pages... and see for yourselves!

GHOSTLY McNASTY

Face up to Fifty Pounds!

Have you guessed what my gruesome face looks like? Come on, be brave, and send your drawings to "GHASTLY'S FACE" at the address on this page. I'll pay the frightening sum of fifty pounds to the person who draws my face correctly, and any other attempts I publish will win £5.



Tony Prowse of London thinks I look like the creature on the right. Impossible! That's how I've come to be drawn with me!

Join me for some
frightful fun with SCREAM's

**DRACULA
SPECTACULAR**

What's this? Someone in my Dracula Spectacular spot with no nasty make-up? Snooker player Ray Reardon is nicknamed Dracula, and he does look incredibly like the real thing. Anyway... it's back to make-up next time so write and tell me who you'd like to see transformed, what into, and why. If it's a friend, relative or teacher send a clear black and white photo. Write to "Dracula Spectacular" at the address on this page - any I use will win you a Dracula Spectacular make-up and disguise set from Pic Toys Ltd.

GRISLY GALLERY + McNASTY MAIL!



Do you like the creations in my GRISLY GALLERY each week? They're drawn by some of the ghouls in my employ. What monstrous efforts can you come up with? Send your artwork attempts to GHASTLY'S GRISLY GALLERY, at the address on this page. Any I publish will win £5. What's that? You can't draw? Well, send me some McNASTY MAIL instead! But remember - when you write, I must be told your 2 favourite SCREAM stories... you wouldn't want me to come and ask you personally, would you? Each McNASTY MAIL letter I print earns the sender £5.

The fourth part of your fearsome SCREAM poster is on this week's back cover. There you'll find Dracula bursting forth and hungry for blood, so careful with your fingers as you cut out the page! There are two portions to go, so don't be disappointed - order your weekly SCREAM today!

**SCREAM,
THE DEPTHS,
KING'S REACH
TOWER,
STAMFORD
STREET,
LONDON SE1 9LS**



**JUST
LIKE ME!**

MOXON HALL WAS A 'SAFE HOUSE' RUN BY BRITISH INTELLIGENCE FOR IRON-CURTAIN DEFECTORS. BUT THE LATEST ARRIVAL AT THE HALL WAS A VAMPIRE! CAPTAIN BLACK, IN CHARGE OF SECURITY AT THE HALL, SUSPECTED SOMETHING WAS WRONG AND WENT TO RAISE THE ALARM.



LUCKY I WAS ABLE TO LEAVE THAT THING LOCKED IN THE CELLARS!

BUT THE VAMPIRE WAS EMERGING FROM THE DOOR BEHIND HIM!

BEHIND THAT LOCKED DOOR, ANOTHER OF THE STAFF ALREADY KNEW THAT RUNNING WAS FUTILE...



THE MASTER GIVES CHASE... HE HAS THE POWER TO PASS THROUGH THE TINIEST OPENING!

THE WOMAN, AN ARMY NURSE, WAS IN THE POWER OF THE VAMPIRE!



WHAT THE DEVIL'S THIS? A SORT OF MIST ON THE STAIRS! STILL, THAT CAN'T STOP ME...

THERE'S THE ALARM SYSTEM! BUT WHAT'S THAT HANGING BESIDE IT?

SCREEN
SCRIPT: C. STANLEY-DAVY
ART: E. BRADBURY
LETTERING: J. ALDRICH



NO MATTER!
GOT TO PRESS
THAT ALARM
BUTTON...

AS THE AGENT REELED BACK, A
FEARFUL SHAPE ROSE TO ITS
FULL HEIGHT...

YOU WILL RAISE NO ALARM
THIS DAY! INSTEAD YOU WILL
BECOME... MY SLAVE!



HUH? A
GIANT
BAT?



IT... IT'S GROWING
IN SIZE! KEEP
AWAY!



UH...
NOOOO!

THE GLEAMING WHITE FANGS
CLOSED IN... SOON THEY WOULD
BE BLOOD-RED!



LONG MOMENTS LATER...

IT IS DONE! I HAVE TAINTED
HIS BLOOD! HE IS MY SLAVE
FOR EVER!



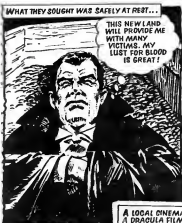
A CAR APPROACHES
NO DOUBT VISITORS
FROM YOUR SECURITY
SERVICE, HERE'S
WHAT YOU MUST DO...

THE AGENT WAS NOW UNDER
THE VAMPIRE'S CONTROL...



SIR, SIR...
SOMETHING
TERRIBLE
HAS
HAPPENED!

IT'S CAPTAIN BLACK... WHAT
THE DEUCE IS WRONG?



THE BLOOD BEAST WAS THERE!



OOOH, PAUL ...IT'S HORRIBLE - I HATE THIS SORT OF FILM, WE SHOULDN'T HAVE COME!

IT'S TERRIFIC...

UUURRGH!

...THERE'S NOTHING TO BE FRIGHTENED OF.

AND...

PAUL? PAUL, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? YOU'VE GONE ALL QUIET AND COLD!

YYYYEEAAGH!



In Seven Days

The Costumed Count

All done with wires



THE SILENCE IN THE DARKENED ROOM WAS THICK. MENACING! THE VISITOR HAD COME TO MAKE CONTACT WITH HER DEAD HUSBAND CYRUS DOONE WAS THE MEDIUM WHO WOULD MAKE THAT POSSIBLE.

NOW, MRS. BAXTER! THE VIBRATIONS ARE RIGHT! SPEAK!

IS... IS ANYBODY THERE?



SCRIPT:
J. H. TIED

ART:
CAM KENNEDY
LETTERING:
JAY COBB

THERE WAS A MUFFLED, HOLLOW-SOUNDING GROAN, AND THEN...

YES-SSS.
GLORIA.
YES-SSS
I... AM HERE.

IT... IT'S
HERMAN M-MY
LATE HUSBAND-
I'M SURE IT IS!

THE VOICE ECHOED SOFTLY AROUND THE ROOM.

I AM... HAPPY,
GLORIA... SO HAPPY.
I WILL... SPEAK TO
YOU... AGAIN. BE
KIND TO THE ONE
WHO HAS... BROUGHT
US... TOGETHER.

SUDDENLY...

EEEEEGH!
WH-WHAT
IS IT?



BE CALM,
MRS. BAXTER!
YOU ARE UNDER
MY PROTECTION!



THIS CAN BE AN
EPIC HOUSE. MRS.
BAXTER, THE SPIRITS
ARE *RESTLESS* TO-
NIGHT - OR WE WOULD
HAVE SPOKEN TO YOUR
LATE HUSBAND FOR
MUCH LONGER.

JUST TO
HEAR HIS VOICE
AGAIN AFTER
ALL THESE YEARS
WAS ENOUGH,
MR. DOONE.



AS THE LADY
PREPARED TO
LEAVE.

HERE - TAKE
DOUBLE THE
MONEY WE
AGREED UPON!

YOU'RE
TOO KIND,
MRS. BAXTER!



SILLY
OLD
IDIOT!



I'LL BE IN TOUCH
TO ARRANGE ANOTHER
SEANCE, MR. DOONE
AS SOON AS POSSIBLE!

AND I
WILL DO *ALL*
IN MY POWER TO
ASSIST
YOU, DEAR
LADY...



STANIS DOONE
STRODE BACK
INTO THE
HOUSE.

OKAY, FARLEY -
OPEN UP ANOTHER
HIGH-PAYING FARCE
IS OVER!

FARLEY WAS DOONE'S ASSISTANT

FIVE HUNDRED QUID! SOME OF THESE OLD BATS HAVE MORE MONEY THAN SENSE! THEY'RE SO EASY TO STRING ALONG...

I GUESS THEY REALLY DO BELIEVE YOU'RE PUTTING 'EM IN TOUCH WITH THE DEAD, BOSS!

BUT IT'S ALL DONE BY ELECTRONICS—ALL DONE WITH WIRES!

OOOOAAA

THE TOUCH OF A BUTTON AND GHASTLY FACES SWOOP THROUGH THE AIR! MOST EFFECTIVE!

AND IT'S SURPRISING HOW MUCH INFORMATION YOU CAN FIND OUT ABOUT PEOPLE WHO'VE DIED IF YOU REALLY TRY!

THEY NEVER SUSPECT IT ISN'T THEIR LOVED ONES SPEAKIN'!

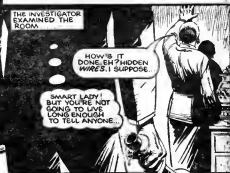
YOUR MUFFLED VOICE HISSING THROUGH THESE BILING SPEAKERS SOUNDS EXACTLY AS THOUGH IT COMES FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE!

I GUESS IT'S BECAUSE THEY WANT TO BELIEVE IT BOSS—THEY'RE DESPERATE!

A FEW NIGHTS LATER DOONE'S NEXT CUSTOMER WAS MRS. WINN WOFFER

IS... IS ANYONE THERE?

YES, MILDRED, I AM HERE—YOUR HUSBAND, NORMAN!



BUT, BEFORE FARLEY COULD ENTER THE ROOM...



AROUND DOONE, GHOSTLY FIGURES BEGAN TO FORM.



More mystery and suspense in our next Library of Death story!

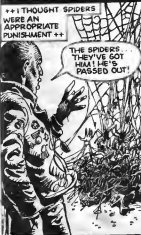
THE THIRTEENTH FLOOR

HI! MAX HERE AGAIN - THE BUILDING COMPUTER IN MAXWELL TOWER, YOU'LL REMEMBER HOW I TRAPPED TWO YOUNG THUGS - SPIDER AND BAMBO - ON MY THIRTEENTH FLOOR...

The 13th Floor didn't exist... yet it was there... filled with unknown terror!



++THEY WERE GOING TO HURT ONE OF MY TENANTS. WELL, COULDN'T HAVE THAT COULD I? SO SPIDER AND BAMBO HAD TO BE DEALT WITH++



++I THOUGHT SPIDERS WERE AN APPROPRIATE PUNISHMENT++



++BAMBO HAD GONE QUITE, QUITE MAD.
IT WAS TIME TO RETURN HIM TO NORMALITY++



++BACK TO THE GROUND FLOOR—
ALTHOUGH, OF COURSE, BAMBO
WAS IN NO CONDITION TO KNOW
WHERE HE WAS ++





++WHAT I DIDN'T KNOW WAS THAT THE FAULT HAD BEEN CAUSED BY THE FOGERTYS, MY RATHER SHIFTY TENANTS FROM THE FIFTH FLOOR++



I'M GOING
TO GIVE THEM
A PIECE OF
MY MIND!



++ ACTIVATED THEIR
APARTMENT MONITOR
THERE THEY WERE
BOLD AS YOU LIKE,
COUNTING THEIR
ILL-GOTTEN GAINS++

MR. FOGERTY! HOW DARE YOU
BREAK INTO OTHER TENANTS' FLATS?
I INSIST YOU RETURN THOSE VALUABLES
AT ONCE!

IT'S MAX!

HEY! YOU GOT NO
BUSINESS SPYIN' ON
US, COMPUTER!

THEM'S REAL
DIAMONDS, POP!
WE'LL GET A
GOOD PRICE
FOR THEM!

MAKE
SURE
YOU
DO!

YOU'RE BEING
VERY FOOLISH.
I'VE ALREADY
CALLED THE
POLICE. YOU'LL
NEVER GET
AWAY WITH
THIS!

OH YEAH!
THE COPS'LL
HAVE TO
FIND THE
LOOT BEFORE
THEY CAN
PIN ANYTHING
ON US!

YOU'D BETTER TAKE THESE SHOOTERS,
BOYS! DON'T WANT THE COPS
FINDIN' THEM HERE!

AND GET THIS STUFF
OUT OF THE BUILDING!
YOU KNOW WHERE
TO STASH IT!

++ GUNS AS WELL! IN MY BUILDING! I'D
TRIED TO BE REASONABLE WITH THE
FOGERTY'S, BUT SOME PEOPLE WILL JUST
NOT MEET YOU HALFWAY. WELL, THERE
WAS ONLY ONE THING FOR IT ++

HEY~ I PRESSED TO GO
DOWN... BUT WE'RE
GOING UP!

BUT
WHERE,
TO...?



Next Monday:
The graveyard for villains...

TALES FROM THE GRAVE

"The Undertaker" Part Four

EMILY CARLISLE HAD AGREED TO PAY AN UNDERTAKER, JOSHUA SLEETH, TO MURDER HER RICH UNCLE. BUT SLEETH MADE A MISTAKE AND ATTEMPTED TO KILL THE WRONG MAN. MEANWHILE, EMILY HAD FOUND HER UNCLE MURDERED... BY SOMEONE ELSE! BUT NOW THE MAN SLEETH HAD TRIED TO KILL CONFRONTED EMILY AND SLEETH.

AND NOW, YE DEALERS IN THE DIABOLICAL... THE FINAL ACT IN OUR LITTLE DRAMA OF GREED AND TREACHERY!

SCREAM
SCRIPT:
YOMA TULLY
ART:
JIM WATSON
LETTERING:
PETE KNIGHT

DON'T LOOK AT ME AS IF I WERE A GHOST, SLEETH—I'M ALIVE! I'VE CHEATED THE INFERNAL END THAT YOU PLANNED FOR ME!

DEAR LORD! CLIVE IS—IS THAT YOU? HOW DID YOU COME BY THOSE TERRIBLE WOUNDS?

CLIVE BENTLEY WAS EMILY'S AMBITIOUS AND SCHEMING BOYFRIEND...

STOP PRETENDING, EMILY! YOU MUST HAVE PLOTTED WITH SLEETH TO DISPOSE OF ME SO THAT YOU WOULDN'T HAVE TO SHARE YOUR UNCLE'S FORTUNE!

YOU PAID SLEETH TO SET THOSE RATS ON ME... IT WAS FORTUNATE I WAS ABLE TO ESCAPE THEM BY LEAPING INTO THE THAMES...

AND TO THINK THAT I BECAME A MURDERER FOR YOU, EMILY... SO THAT WE COULD BE FREE OF THE BURDEN OF YOUR UNCLE, TO ENJOY HIS RICHES TOGETHER!

GREAT HEAVENS! SO IT WAS YOU THAT POISONED UNCLE HENRY!

"AMIDST ALL THE SHOOTING, THEY FORGOT THAT YOUNG SMYTE - SLEETH'S WRETCHED, GROWN SLAVE - WAS WATCHING AN' LISTENIN'..."

"SO THAT'S WHY YOU ARE WEARING MY UNCLE'S CLOTHES! IF ANYONE SAW YOU LEAVING THE HOUSE, AFTER MURDERING HIM, THEY WOULD THINK IT WAS UNCLE HENRY!"

"AND WHEN SLEETH ARRIVED, INTENDING TO KILL UNCLE HENRY, YOU WERE FORCED TO CONTINUE THE MASQUERADE FOR FEAR OF ARDUSING SUSPICION!"

"IT... IT'S TRUE, SIR - WHEN I TRIED TO KILL YOU - I REALLY THOUGHT YOU WERE MISTER CARLISLE!"

"LIES! HOW MUCH DID SHE PAY YOU TO KILL ME, SLEETH?"

"THAT WAS WHEN SMYTE MADE 'ER MOVE - 'E DASHED OUT INTO THE STREET..."

"MEANWHILE, SLEETH WAS GETTIN' THE UPPER END OF BENTLEY, WHO'D BEEN WEAKENED BY HIS RECENT ORDEAL..."

"NO MATTER - YOU'LL NOT LIVE TO SPEND YOUR BLOOD MONEY!"

YAARRGH!
K - KEEP HIM OFF ME!

UU-UUUUGH!

"HELP, OFFICER, COME QUICK! YOU GOTTER STOP 'EM AFORE THEY KILLS EACH OTHER!"

"SIR, YOU'VE GOT TO BELIEVE US! MISS EMLEY HAD NO IDEA THAT YOU WERE PLANNING TO DISPOSE OF HER UNCLE, TOO!"

"...IT'S ALL A TERRIBLE MIS-UNDERSTANDING!"

"BUT BENTLEY'S MIND WAS A VOLCANO OF HATE AND RAGE!"

"NOW I SHALL BE THE EXECUTIONER!"

NO, NO!



LOOK AT THIS ALBERT... LOOKS LIKE WE GOT A CLEAR CASE OF COLD-BLOODED MURDER!

SHE WAS STANDING RIGHT HERE, A MOMENT AGO! SHE'S GOT TO BE HERE!

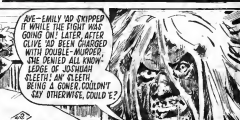


CURSE YOU! BUT AT LEAST THE GIRL AND I WILL MEET THE HANGMAN TOGETHER!

EH? WHAT YOU ON ABOUT? WHAT GIRL?



THERE AIN'T NOBODY 'ERE BUT US!



AYE-EMILY 'AD SKIPPED IT WHILE THE FIGHT WAS GOING ON! LATER, AFTER GLIVE 'AD BEEN CHARGED WITH DOUBLE-MURDER, SHE DENIED ALL KNOWLEDGE OF JOSHUA SLEETH! AN' SLEETH, BEING A GOWER, COULDN'T SAY OTHERWISE, COULD E?



'THE BOBBIES QUESTIONED EMILY OF COURSE, BUT SHE PUT ON A GOOD ACT!



BUT SMYKE KNEW THE TRUTH... AND 'E TOLD EVERYTHING!

...AND SOON EMILY WERE BEHIND BARS!



AND AS FOR THE GRAVE I SAID I WAS PREPARING FOR JOSHUA SLEETH, THE UNDERTAKER... WELL, IT'S FOR SLEETH, ALL RIGHT...



...THEY'RE PUTTING HIM IN IT, THIS VERY AFTERNOON! HA! HA! HA! HAAAA!



Next Week:
R.I.P. Willard Giovanna!

IN THE QUIET TOWN OF DORCHESTER, THE LOCAL HOSPITAL WAS UNDER SIEGE BY HUNDREDS OF KILLER CATS. ALLEN WOODWARD, A REPORTER FOR THE LOCAL NEWSPAPER, BORROWED AN AMBULANCE AND WENT TO A RESEARCH CENTRE, RUN BY DR. ULRICH KRUHL, SEEKING ANSWERS... INSTEAD HE FOUND MORE CATS!

TERROR OF THE CATS

SCREEN
SCRIPT:
DANIEL TURNER
ART:
T. H. WOODWARD
EDITING:
K. M. GALT

THE CATS ARE HERE, TOO, BUT WHY JUST HERE AND THE HOSPITAL? IT MAKES NO SENSE. I HAVE TO SPEAK TO KRUHL...

BUT FIRST, I'VE GOT TO GET IN!

WOODWARD REVERSED THE AMBULANCE AND ACCELERATED TOWARDS THE GATES...

NO WAY ROUND... SO I'LL HAVE TO GO THROUGH!



THE FORCE OF THE IMPACT SENT THE AMBULANCE SPINNING OVER. THERE WAS A SCREECH OF METAL TEARING AGAINST HARD, UNYIELDING GROUND...

...AND THEN THERE WAS ONLY...

...SILENCE!



INSIDE THE LAB NERVES
WERE FRAYING...



DID YOU HEAR
THAT? WHAT IS
HAPPENING
OUT THERE?

THOSE CATS
WILL KILL US!
WE MUST
ABORT THE
PROJECT!

DR. ALVIN KREIN TURNED FURIOUSLY
ON HIS ASSISTANT...



NEVER. THE
PROJECT
IS OF PRIME
IMPORTANCE!

WE ARE SURE IN
HERE, THE CATS
CANNOT GET IN...
AND SOON, THEY
WILL SERVE US!



ONCE I HAVE RECTIFIED
THE MISTAKE, WE WILL
HAVE AN UNSTOPPABLE
ARMY! UNTIL THEN, A
FEW CASUALTIES ARE
UNAVOIDABLE!

AT BARDICESTER HOSPITAL INFIRMARY,
THE CATS WERE CAUSING CHAOS...



AARGH!
GET IT OFF
ME!

I'LL GET IT,
NURSE!

DR. RALPH WOODWARD, A SENIOR
SURGEON, WAS TRYING TO STAY IN
CONTROL OF THE SITUATION...



GET THESE
BLANKETS TO
CAUTIONALLY
AND FAST!

WE CAN'T HOLD THE
CATS OFF MUCH LONGER.
IF WOODWARD DOESN'T
GET SOME ANSWERS
SOON, WE'RE LOST!

A MALE NURSE, JIM ROSSIGN, COULD
HAVE SUPPLIED SOME OF THOSE
ANSWERS...



I SHOULD NEVER HAVE
HELPED *KNOW* WITH
THE EXPERIMENTS.
THE CATS KNOW
WHAT I DID. IT'S
ME THEY'RE
AFTER.

I'VE GOT TO
GET AWAY—THOSE
CATS WON'T GIVE
UP TILL I'M DEAD!



WARDEN EMERGED ON THE HOSPITAL ROOF...
UNWARE THAT HE WAS BEING WATCHED!



IT'S CLEAR TO
FAIR—I'M TIRE
FROM THOSE
STUPID CATS
UP HERE!





I CAN GET
IN VIA THIS
VENTILATOR
SHAFT...

WOODWARD EMERGED
ABOVE A DARKENED
ROOM...

I STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND
WHY THE CATS LET
ME THROUGH!

IT'S ALMOST
AS IF THEY
WANTED
ME TO GET
IN.

HE DROPPED INSIDE...

OH-OH! I'M
NOT ALONE IN
HERE. BUT I NEED
SOME LIGHT TO
SEE...

WOODWARD STRUCK A MATCH—
THEN WISHED HE HADN'T...

OH NO!

Next Issue:
The secret
of the cats.



SCREAM!

TO MY NEWSAGENT

Please send/reserve me a copy of SCREAM every week until further notice.

NAME

ADDRESS

Signature of parent or guardian.

COME HITHER, READERS!
ARE YOU HAVING TROUBLE
GETTING HOLD OF YOUR COPY
OF SCREAM EACH WEEK?
PERHAPS YOUR NEWSAGENT
IS JUST TOO FRIGHTENED
TO STOCK IT. WELL THEN, ALL
YOU NEED TO DO IS COM-
PLETE THIS COUPON AND
HAND IT TO YOUR LOCAL
NEWSAGENT—THEN HE'LL
BE BRAVE ENOUGH TO GET
YOU A COPY...OR HE'LL
ANSWER TO ME!



BIG K

THE ONLY COMPUTER MAGAZINE YOU'LL EVER NEED

BIG K is bursting with new ideas to help you get the most out of your micro—hard-hitting reviews of new equipment, ingenious techniques to add new dimensions to your software, in-depth tests of the very latest games. And in every issue you'll find listings for some of the very best adventure games you'll ever play.
Stay in touch with BIG K every month.



FREE FLEXIDISC

3 superb programs to add amazing effects to your BBC and Spectrum games.

THIS ISSUE: Falklands victor General Sir Jeremy Moore reviews the latest war games. Computers compared—3 new British micros versus 3 Americans. Adventure X—a superb full-size graphic adventure for the Spectrum. Amazing games for BBC, Vic 20, Spectrum, Atari, Commodore 64. Spectrum graphics special—great 3D rotation techniques. Second amazing issue on sale 19th April—85p

Friends and Neighbors





WELCOME TO
ANOTHER OF MY
WEIRD STORIES. THIS
ONE SHOULD GIVE YOU
CAUSE TO REFLECT...
IT'S CALLED MIRROR,
MIRROR!

Ghastly Tale!



**KENNY
BEFRIENDS THE
TERRIFYING
CREATURE
FROM THE
ATTIC!**

KENNY CORMAN'S FEARSOME UNCLE TERRY HAD BEEN HIDDEN AWAY IN HIS FAMILY'S ATTIC ALL HIS LIFE. NOW, AFTER KILLING KENNY'S DRUG-FATHER, THE GROTESQUE CREATURE TURNED ON KENNY —

N-NO, UNCLE TERRY!
BAD... BAD...!

AAAAAAD!
AAAAAAD!

MURRROD
TERRRR!

AAAH!

TERRRR
MURRROD
YUUUU!

P- PLEASE, UNCLE TERRY!
I-I DON'T WANT TO UPSET
YOU! I'M YOUR FRIEND!
HONEST!

SCREAM
SCRIPT:
KEIKI CLARK
ART:
REDONDO
LETTERING:
PENSABEJO

LOOK! I'VE
BROUGHT
YOU FOOD,
UNCLE FOOD!

FOOD?

FOOOD!

MORE FOOD!
GIVVVV MORE
FOOD!

HERE YOU ARE!
HAVE IT,
HAVE IT ALL!

**m
o
n
s
t
e
r**



LOOKS LIKE HE
HASN'T EATEN
IN DAYS...



UNCLE TERRY... DAD'S
DEAD. NOBODY'S GOING
TO HURT YOU ANY
MORE. I'M GOING TO
LOOK AFTER YOU NOW.
THAT'S WHAT MAUM
WOULDN'T WANTED.
I WANT TO BE
YOUR FRIEND. DO
YOU UNDERSTAND?
FRIEND.



FRENN?
WHIAAA,
FRENN?
FRIENDS ARE GOOD
TO EACH OTHER.
THEY HELP EACH
OTHER.

FRIENDS ARE GOOD
TO EACH OTHER.
THEY HELP EACH
OTHER.



HELLPP
TERRY!

HOW CAN I EXPECT
HIM TO UNDERSTAND?
HE'S BEEN LOCKED
IN THIS ROOM ALL
HIS LIFE.



NEXT SECOND, A VOICE ECHOED
THROUGH THE HOUSE...

HELLO!
ANYBODY
HOME?



SOMEBODY'S
DOWNSTAIRS!
YOU WAIT HERE,
UNCLE. BE
QUIET, OKAY?



KENNY RAN DOWN TO
THE GROUND FLOOR...

WHERE'S THAT NO
GOOD FATHER OF
YOURS, BOY?

IT'S THAT BUNNY
JOE THACKER FROM
BURFLEET. DAD
OWED HIM MONEY.





TRY AND EARN SOME MORE McNASTY MONEY WITH...

GHASTLY'S CREEPY CAPTIONS



COUNT DRACULA (PLAYED BY CHRISTOPHER LEE) FACES ANOTHER VICTIM. THINK YOU MORTALS CAN GUESS WHAT IS BEING SAID IN THE PHOTO? SEND YOUR SUGGESTIONS TO ME, IN NOT MORE THAN 10 WORDS AND I'LL PAY £10 TO THE BEST ONE I RECEIVE. MAIL YOUR CREEPY CAPTION AND SEND TO MY USUAL ADDRESS.



NEXT WEEK! NEXT WEEK! NEXT WEEK! NEXT WEEK! NEX

TERROR AWAITS
THE FOGERTY
BROTHERS ON ...

THE THIRTEENTH FLOOR

Their lift stops at a
villain's graveyard ...
Where no body rests
in peace!

DON'T DARE MISS THE NEXT SHOCK-FILLED ISSUE
OF SCREAM - THE CREEPIEST COMIC EVER!

SWEET M-MERCY!
MORE OF THE HANDS!



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